

THE CENTRAL RECORD

PURE RELIGION, UNTARNISHED DEMOCRACY AND GOOD GOVERNMENT.

LANCASTER, KY., FRIDAY, JANUARY 26, 1912.

NUMBER 42.

TWENTY SECOND YEAR.

Make Life EASY

During the long winter months by having us to install a heating plant in your residence. We are prepared to install the best that can be had. We also install the Pneumatic Water System in your home.

We can do any kind of work and are better prepared now than ever before. Let us figure with you when you want work done, and call on us in our new quarters at the old Mason Hotel property, and look over our line of Buggies and Carriages which we are selling cheap.

CONN BROTHERS

Lancaster, Ky.

Hardware, Plumbing, Heating

Prisoners Go To Pen.

Deputy Sheriffs Will Doty and Curley Robinson took to the penitentiary last Friday two prisoners convicted at the last term of the Garrard circuit court and who are to serve from one to five years each; they were Bob Blythe convicted of breaking into the depot at Paint Lick and Homer Reid who broke into the store of Mr. R. S. Brown in Lancaster. Both were colored.

Right Man In Right Place.

Clinton B. Bastin was over from Hustonville Sunday to see the home folks. Clinton is making things hum in the local telephone office at Hustonville. He is the efficient manager and is rapidly bringing the service up to a high standard. He has a warm spot in his heart for home people as was evinced by his bringing us a nice order for a telephone directory and other job work.

Prominent Revenue Man.

Judge R. A. Burdside, the well known Internal Revenue man, was in town yesterday looking after some business in collector Cooper's office. His duties call him to every part of Kentucky and most of Tennessee. He is just unearthing a case at Owensboro where some prominent distillers will be hauled over the coals and about ninety thousand dollars have to be paid over to Uncle Sam.—Danville Messenger.

In The County Court.

The will of the late Cap't. Samuel M. Duncan was admitted to probate. He left all of his property to his sister, Miss Jennie Duncan.

The will of Mr. M. S. Thompson was admitted to probate. J. E. Robinson was named as executor and qualified as such.

The will of Mr. A. C. Robinson was offered for probate, but owing to the absence of one of the attesting witnesses, Mr. W. R. Cook, and the necessity of the going through with some legal formalities, the matter was adjourned until January 29th, by which time the deposition of Mr. Cook can be taken, when the will may be admitted to probate.

Card Of Thanks.

We desire to express our sincere gratitude to the kind friends and neighbors, for their kindness during our great sorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Clark. Mr. and Mrs. Sam Bourne and Son.

Subscribe for Record

37½ CTS PER POUND

Again the Peoples Tobacco Warehouse Reaches the Above High Prices for a Basket of Tobacco.

The Market Opened Up Brisk for the Week—The Tonnage Is Expected To Be Heavy This Week If The Present Weather Keeps Up—Prices Are Running So High That The Sellers Are Anxious to Reach the Market.

The People's Tobacco Warehouse breaks open extra strong Monday with the outlook for the rest of the week exceptionally good. The best basket of tobacco sold for 37½ cents per pound, and it was a fine color grade. The bidding was spirited throughout the whole sale. Good tobacco is certainly bringing all that it is worth this year and all the sellers are delighted with the prices their tobacco is bringing, even if it is not of the best grade, the prices have been good and satisfactory to the farmers.

Col. W. J. Finch of North Carolina, the versatile auctioneer for the Peoples Tobacco Warehouse Co. in Danville either has some hypnotic influence or else he is a wonderfully popular man, for he certainly succeeds in getting splendid prices for the weed which passed under his hammer. This week he succeeded in obtaining the unprecedented price of 37½ cents per pound for some of the consignments. We are inclined to ascribe his success to his wonderful popularity, alike with the growers and buyers, anyway he is obtaining splendid prices.

Crop of Powell & Watts, of Mercer county:

55 pounds at	30c
215 pounds at	132c
120 pounds at	192c
75 pounds at	162c
65 pounds at	172c
295 pounds at	24c
50 pounds at	192c
175 pounds at	21c
190 pounds at	192c
195 pounds at	20c
300 pounds at	192c
175 pounds at	18c

Average \$19.80

Crop of Fields & Grays, of Mercer county:

205 pounds at	192c
280 pounds at	19c
230 pounds at	182c
365 pounds at	12c
180 pounds at	14c
105 pounds at	152c
140 pounds at	18c
250 pounds at	14c
155 pounds at	13c
250 pounds at	162c

Average \$15.75

Crop of Bright & Bell, of Boyle county:

335 pounds at	18c
325 pounds at	20c
265 pounds at	212c
330 pounds at	21c
335 pounds at	212c
335 pounds at	222c
290 pounds at	26c
320 pounds at	23c
260 pounds at	202c
230 pounds at	20c
310 pounds at	21c
185 pounds at	192c
285 pounds at	192c
240 pounds at	192c
240 pounds at	192c
320 pounds at	192c
305 pounds at	21c
310 pounds at	192c

245 pounds at 192c
240 pounds at 192c
Average \$20.69.

Crop of C. S. McDonald, of Mercer county:

240 pounds at	172c
340 pounds at	15c
340 pounds at	112c
115 pounds at	11c
285 pounds at	20c
250 pounds at	152c
290 pounds at	142c

Average \$14.27.

Crop of J. W. Hardin, of Mercer county:

70 pounds at	162c
15 pounds at	192c
35 pounds at	20c
250 pounds at	192c
270 pounds at	162c
210 pounds at	102c
345 pounds at	13c

Average \$15.23

Crop of S. K. Vaught Casey county:

120 pounds at	372c
60 pounds at	22c
105 pounds at	182c
50 pounds at	182c
20 pounds at	142c

Average \$25.23.

Crop of D. J. Walton, Garrard county:

245 pounds at	24c
145 pounds at	23c
155 pounds at	20c
125 pounds at	20c
45 pounds at	19c
215 pounds at	17c
165 pounds at	14c
265 pounds at	10c
150 pounds at	15c
180 pounds at	182c

Average \$17.50

Crop of Delaney & Williams, Boyle county:

210 pounds at	112c
325 pounds at	142c
270 pounds at	162c
225 pounds at	19c
355 pounds at	102c

Average \$14.25

Crop of, R. W. Harberson and James Brooks Boyle county:

145 pounds at	202c
145 pounds at	162c
110 pounds at	192c
15 pounds at	17c
90 pounds at	182c
185 pounds at	182c
215 pounds at	19c
355 pounds at	92c
300 pounds at	142c

Average \$15.25

Crop of, R. B. Taylor, Casey county:

240 pounds at	18c
215 pounds at	21c
155 pounds at	17c
495 pounds at	122c
355 pounds at	82c
270 pounds at	132c
125 pounds at	192c
100 pounds at	13c

Average \$14.00

Peoples Tobacco Warehouse Co.

Incorporated.

I. M. Dunn, President.

DANVILLE,

KENTUCKY.

All Your Seasonable NEEDS

Are Provided For In Our Stock.

Hill Side Plows,
Vulcan Plows,
Flow Points,
Double Tres,
Single Tres,
Trace Chains,
Hames,

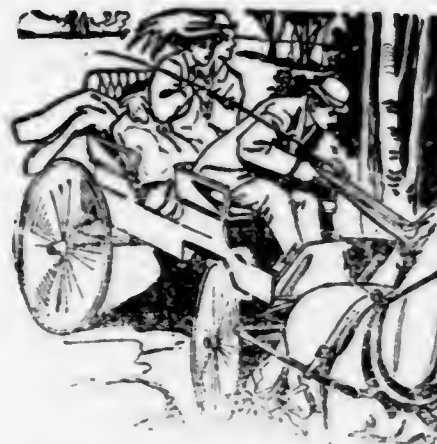
Collars,
Bridles,
Britchen,
Back Bands,
Collar Pads,
Harness,
Saddles.

Our Stock is Complete and Our Prices Are Right.

HASELDEN BROS.

Very Attractive Prices in Enamelware, Silverware and Brass.

The Roughest Road



will not cause a break down if the carriage is one of ours. Our carriages are made for hard service, and every test however severe but proves it. Think we overrate our carriages? Then ask those now using them. What they say ought to send you here in a hurry for a carriage you can depend on. You'll find the prices right too.

If you want your buggy or wagon repaired or your horse shod quick, bring them to us.

W. J. Romans.

We Write Any Kind of

INSURANCE

Office at National Bank.

BEAZLEY & COLLIER

Phone or call on us at The National Bank of Lancaster, Ky.

A Great Lincoln County Horse.



CARROLL PRESTON, 4383.

A horse that is distinguishing himself both as a sire and in the show ring. There were no better rings of colts seen in a ring last year than those exhibited at Lancaster by Carroll Preston. He is by Preston 922, by Washington 54, Cromwell 73, Washington Denmark 64; 1st dam baby Pence 7049, by Enoch Arden, 2nd dam by Almont Forrest. Carroll Preston is owned by W. O. WALKER, Stanford, Kentucky.

THE BIG SALE

OF

H. T. Logan

STILL ON IN FULL BLAST.

If you want to save Money on

CLOTHING, SHOES, HATS

and FURNISHING GOODS call on him.

Prices fifty per cent lower than any house in Lancaster. TERMS CASH.

H. T. LOGAN

THE CENTRAL RECORD

INCORPORATED.
ISSUED WEEKLY. \$1.00 A YEAR.
GREEN CLAY WALKER, EDITOR
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For County Offices... 10.00
For State and District Offices... 15.00
For Calls, per line... 10
For Cards, per line... 10
For all publications in the interest of individuals or expression of individual views, per line... 10
Obituaries, per line... 05

ANNOUNCEMENTS

For County Judge.

We are authorized to announce Clayton A. Arnold as a candidate for County Judge of Garrard County subject to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce James A. Beazley as a candidate for County Judge of Garrard county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

For Sheriff.

We are authorized to announce C. A. Robinson as a candidate for Sheriff of Garrard County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Ashby Arnold as a candidate for sheriff of Garrard county, subject to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce W. L. Lawson for sheriff of Garrard county, subject to the action of the democratic party.

For Assessor.

We are authorized to announce Dave C. Sanders as a candidate for Assessor of Garrard county subject to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Mr. E. B. Ray as a candidate for the Nomination of Assessor of Garrard County, subject to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce J. B. Collier as a candidate for the nomination for assessor of Garrard county, subject to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce W. L. Huffman for a candidate for assessor of Garrard county subject to the action of the Democratic party.

For Magistrate.

We are authorized to announce John N. White as a candidate for Magistrate, in the first district of Garrard county, subject to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Walton E. Moss as a candidate for Magistrate in the first district of Garrard County, subject to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Ship-ton H. Estes as a candidate for Magistrate, in the first district of Garrard county, subject to the action of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Charles C. Becker as a candidate for Magistrate in the second district of Garrard county, subject to the action of the democratic party.

For School Superintendent.

We are authorized to announce Miss Jennie Higgins as a candidate for School Superintendent for Garrard county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

Charity.

Charity is a virtue of which we hear very little except when it is brought to our notice by some peculiarly distressing demand for it, or some strident state of circumstances, such for instance as the recent distressingly severe weather, during which, but for charity some within our confines would have suffered. And yet charity is a necessary adjunct to Christianity, one can lay but small claim to being a Christian unless he be charitable. "And now abideth faith, hope and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity". The word charity does not mean the giving of alms alone, there is charity of word as well as of deed, and there is no man more charitable than he who spreads the broad mantle over the short comings of his neighbor, who makes allowances for his discrepancies and seeks to point out to him his wrong doing in a kindly way rather than censure him. Charity "rejoiceth not in iniquity", and while it condemns that iniquity, it seeks to remedy it rather than to make it worse by continued censure. No good ever came of rehearsing to every one we meet the errors of your fellow man, the error by constant rehearsal becomes more grievous in the eyes of the world. No more uncharitable person exists than the gossip, who goes about retelling the misfortunes and shortcomings of his fellowman; this class of people may donate much of his worldly goods to the relief of suffering and distress, and yet so long as he continues to speak ill of his neighbors, he is lacking in charity.

In the literal meaning of the word,

the world is becoming more charitable every day; organizations are springing into existence all over the land, having for their object the relief of suffering and distress; wealthy men, philanthropists, and donating large sums of money to the cause of charity, are endowing colleges, hospitals and libraries, seeking to establish institutions where the worthy poor may have educational advantages; the various organizations seek to relieve the cases of suffering and distress which are brought to their notice; and they relieve in an intelligent manner, a manner which it is impossible for an individual to adopt because of the fact that he has not the time to devote to an investigation of the worthiness of the applicant. In the cities public begging is prohibited, if there is distress or suffering and the victims will apply to the proper source, their wants will be supplied, and in due time measures will be provided which will enable them to care for themselves, if they are old, decrepit or disabled, there are homes and institutions where they may be placed and care exercised for their comfort.

In this respect this is rapidly growing to be a better world, men are becoming more humane, are learning to entertain a more kindly feeling for their less fortunate fellow man, and are seeking to place him in more comfortable circumstances.

In the last few years the march of charity has taken rapid strides; but a few short years ago such a thing as a charity organization was not known outside the great cities, now every little town which can boast a few thousand inhabitants supports such an organization; it is but a matter of time when these various organizations will be amalgamated, will be merged into one great institution having for its one great purpose the elimination of suffering and distress, the ameliorating the suffering of the poorer class, the education of their children and the general upbuilding of the human race, and when this time comes, the professional and itinerant solicitor of alms will be done away with, a rigid investigation he will not be able to stand, and he will be forced to either go to work or be placed in one of the various penal institutions provided for such delinquents.

But the reformation of the uncharitable minded may only come to pass by one looking into their own heart and seeing the error of their way, by striving to upbuild his fellow man rather than to add to his afflictions, by ceasing to gossip about the frailties and shortcomings of his neighbors, and by following the golden rule of "doing unto others as you would have others do unto you."

The Niles bill providing for the extension of the County Unit law passed the lower house of the Kentucky legislature last Friday with a whoop, by a majority of 51 votes, seventy members voting for and 19 against it. The bill now goes to the senate with splendid chances for its passage by that body, when it will go to the Governor for his signature, after which it will become a law. If the "wet" members can accomplish their desires the bill will not have as easy sailing as it had in the house, but it is thought that they are powerless, however, they will concentrate their energies in an effort to delay its passage.

No Scarcity Of Coal.

In the years heretofore the extremely cold weather in this section was usually accompanied by a coal famine and an accompanying raise in prices; however on the occasion of the recent cold snap these conditions did not prevail, the local dealers being able to supply all demands and at a reasonable price, good coal being obtained at 15 cents per bushel, and a lower grade for less money. This fact is accounted for by people putting in their supply of coal during the summer months, and by the facts that there are many more dealers in town, and out through the county at every railroad station there is a dealer who supplies the demands of his local trade.

Ranks Rapidly Thinning.

During the Civil War, 2,213,365 patriots, wearing the blue, fought in the defense of the Federal flag. Of all those who entered the fierce and bloody internecine strife to maintain an undivided country there are but 553,341 living to recount the battles from Bull Run to Appomattox, and of those 553,341 survivors all but 23,457 were borne upon the Government's pension rolls at the close of the fiscal year, June 30, 1911. Last year 35,243 surviving pensions of the Civil War had taps sounded for them, nearly 100 each day being summoned to take their place in the silent halls of death.

Dying now at the rate of over six per cent per annum, and with the average age of those now surviving being three score and ten, in less than twenty years perhaps, Congress will not be called upon to appropriate for pensioning of a single man who wore the blue from '61 to '65. Each year because of advanced age, the per cent of deaths increases, and each year the ranks of the old veterans grow sorrowfully thin.

Solves A Deep Mystery.

"I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart," wrote C. B. Rader, of Lewisburg, W. Va., "for the wonderful double benefit I got from Electric Bitters, in curing me of both a severe case of stomach trouble and of rheumatism, from which I had been an almost helpless sufferer for ten years. It suited my case as though made just for me. For dyspepsia, indigestion, jaundice and to rid the system of kidney poisons that cause rheumatism, Electric Bitters has no equal. Try them. Every bottle is guaranteed to satisfy. Only 50c at R. E. McRoberts & Son, Inc."

Locates In Bryansville.

Dr. Bradley Montgomery who has been practicing medicine at Paint Lick has decided to locate at Bryansville. Dr. Montgomery is a son of the elder Dr. Montgomery, who resided in the Carversville section, and who was one of the best known and most highly respected citizens of that locality. Following in the footsteps of his father, the young Dr. graduated in medicine a few years ago and has been temporarily located at Paint Lick until he could find a suitable location. The people of Bryansville will find in Bradley Montgomery a clever affable gentleman and a good physician, and we predict for him unmeasured success in his new home.

We Need The Money.

The Record is sending out statements to its subscribers who are in arrears. We are doing this not to annoy any one, but because we need the money. It takes money to run a printing office just the same as it does any other business. We have obligations which must be met, our office force must be paid and paid promptly, and in order to do this we must keep up our collections. You may think the small amount you owe does not amount to much, and it does not, but these small amounts placed together constitute our income, and we depend upon them to "keep the pot boiling", so please mail us check for the amount, be it ever so small, and we assure you it will be appreciated.

Trouble For Produce Dealer.

During the recent extremely cold weather Mr. H. B. Northcott the local produce dealer has had more than his share of trouble incident to the weather conditions; a car of eggs which he shipped to the city markets was frozen en route, thereby entailing considerable loss; on several occasions, wagons which he sent out through the country to gather up produce encountered mishaps in the shape of slick roads and frozen creeks, thereby delaying them and causing their contents to freeze, and to cap the climax, in the section of the county where there is always the greatest quantity of eggs produced there is at present a near famine, in the Buckeye section where he usually gets at least 25 cases of eggs, he is only able to get one or two cases at a trip.

Fire In County.

On last Thursday morning about ten o'clock passers by discovered the roof of Mr. Russell R. Denton's house at Hackley in this county to be in flames, they hastened to the house and notified the occupants, they being only Mr. Denton and his wife, and both were unaware of their impending danger. The fire when discovered had gained such headway as to be beyond control, and all that could be done was to get out a few household goods on the lower floor. The house was burned to the ground. Mr. Denton carried insurance to the amount of \$1500. on the house and \$300. on his furniture, which will nothing like reimburse him for his loss. This is the second handsome residence this clever gentleman has lost by fire in the last twenty years. He will rebuild in the spring.

An Innovation.

A merry party from Bryansville consisting of Messrs R. I. Burton and wife, Chas. Dean and wife, N. P. Cobb and wife, M. O. Kennedy and wife, and Misses Elizabeth Bryant, Florence Ballard and M. E. Farley formed a "hay ride" to Lancaster on Wednesday of last week. The frolic was originally intended to be a sleigh ride, but the weather prevented, and not to be thus cheated out of their pleasure, they concluded to turn it into a hay ride. The merry party took supper at the Kengarian, after which they attended the picture show. By this time it was raining in torrents, but nothing daunted, they improvised a cover for the wagon by means of a large tarpaulin and returned home dry and comfortable. We are glad to see our friends from out in the county adopting this manner of recreation, and hope that the visit will not only be repeated by this crowd, but that they will get others to join them, and that their example will be followed by residents of other parts of the county. There is always some attraction here to interest them, and the people will welcome and do all they can to make their visits pleasant. Such excursions have a tendency to cement more strongly the social bonds between the people of the town and country.

Local Chapter U. D. C. Hold Lee And Jackson Memorial Service.

The Mary Walker Price Chapter of the U. D. C. held a Lee and Jackson Memorial Service on the afternoon of the 19th, at the home of the Mesdames Frisbie. The programme was befitting the occasion opening with devotional exercises conducted by the president Mrs. Fred P. Frisbie.

A very entertaining paper on Robert E. Lee was written by Mrs. J. L. Riley, but in the absence of Mrs. Riley read by Mrs. E. C. Gaines; a review of Mary Johnson's book, "The Long Roll", including Mrs. Jackson's indignant protests on the novelists portrayal of her husband's character, the review read by Mrs. Mattie P. Frisbie; a poem on the two Confederate Generals rendered by Mrs. B. F. Hudson; appropriate musical selections by Miss Katie Lee Denny; an impromptu feature in the way of an old fashioned Southern dance performed by the oldest widow and widower present, who were inspired to Tperschovan steps by Dixie strains. The entertainment closed with a dainty luncheon course.

Lost Your Store Teeth?

Uncle Irvine Miller, a worthy old colored man brought to this office a set of false teeth which he found. They do not belong to any one in this office as the entire force have good teeth of their own, with the exception of the assistant Editor, who has his fastened in, so if these teeth are claimed and proven they will be delivered to the owner if they will call at this office and leave a suitable reward for the finder.

Held In \$500. Bond.

The examining trial of Thomas Ralston, who killed George Finley in a difficulty at Paint Lick on January 6th, was held before county Judge A. D. Ford on last Saturday and Ralston was admitted to bond in the sum of \$500, to await the action of the grand jury at the next term of the Garrard circuit court. Ralston gave the bond required. The defendant was represented by Judge Lewis L. Walker and Messrs Jas. I. Hamilton and H. Clay Kaufman, while County Attorney Jos. E. Robinson appeared for the commonwealth. Mrs. Rodney Griggs, sister of Mr. Ralston, who was accidentally shot while endeavoring to stop the difficulty, is recovering rapidly.

Miss Higgins Announces.

The announcement of Miss Jennie Higgins for the democratic nomination for County School Superintendent appears in this issue of the Record. Miss Higgins' efficiency as a Superintendent has been fully demonstrated during her present term of office and during a part of an unexpired term which she served in place of Miss Mattie Dunn. She has given splendid satisfaction to both the public and the teachers connected with the schools of the county, and if the democrats of the county should deem it wise to place her in nomination to succeed herself, we feel confident she would continue the good work and keep the schools up to the high standard which she has rendered material aid in bringing them.

Has Many Friends Here In His Old Home.

The following short account of the wedding of Mr. Ed. G. Doty is taken from the Reeves County Record.

Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock, in the Pastors study at the Baptist church, with a few relatives and special friends present, Rev. J. B. Cole said the important word that made Mr. Ed. Doty and Miss Laura Stiles man and wife. This young happy couple have many friends who wish them all the joy life can bring.

Miss Stiles is the niece of Mrs. W. C. Welbourne and is a very charming and accomplished young lady.

The Record extends sincere wishes and congratulations and hope that the good luck year will bring happiness to many of our lonely bachelor friends.

Ed's many Lancaster friends congratulate him on his retirement from single cussedness, and hope that ere long they will have the pleasure of meeting the lady of his choice.

There was never a more popular boy than Ed. Doty left Lancaster, genial, open hearted and a good companion he made friends with every one with whom he came in contact. He is a son of Capt. J. A. Doty of this place and is related to many of the best families of the county, and everyone who knows him will rejoice over the fact that he is making a success in the lone star state. He is in the land and live stock business, being the secretary of the W. D. Hudson Land and Live Stock Co., one of Pecos' most thriving concerns. The president, Mr. W. D. Hudson, is a nephew of Mr. Wm. A. Todd Sr. of Paint Lick section of this county.

"Give Freely."

It is very often a source of complaints among our good citizens that the demands are too great upon them for their help and support towards object of charity and public interests, which are, they admit in themselves but pecuniarily, too draining on the system.

That it is a great thing to live to-day all agree. The accumulation of knowledge and civilization of the ages has been the legacy of the past, it drew the hearts blood of its heroes somewhere sometime. And now must we not pass it on and join in this world wide spirit of progress?

Did it ever occur to you that the harmony of nature, the brotherhood of man, and the Fatherhood of God turns upon the one word, give. The flowers give out their sweet perfume, their buds and blossoms, the birds their happy song, not stingily but in the fullness of their power, and shall not man, attuned to nature give out of the richness of his soul. Give! Give from the heart give something that counts, a part of yourself, your intellect, your cheer, your sympathy, your smiles, your tears, and the good book for it will return to you as "the bread cast upon the waters."

In childhood's memory is cherished the beautiful old Greek legend, the story of Philemon and Baucis. Two travelers, weary and worn with the heat of the day at dusk were passing through a village. They went from house to house but no door was opened until, finally they paused at the humble cot, the home of Philemon and Baucis, who had them enter and out of their scant store, offered them hospitality the one pitcher of milk. The strangers drained their glasses, and lo! as off the pitcher was emptied was it filled again and again. The scales fell from the old people's eyes and they beheld the radiance and the glory of the celestial guests. Oh! the joy of giving. It opens to us new beauties. It gives us a clearer vision, it enriches the soul of the giver, and in some small measure we become more like Him, the giver of all good gifts.

DEATHS.

Clark.

Eugene, the bright little nine year old son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Clark, died at the home of Mr. Sammie J. Bourne on the Danville pike last Saturday night of diphtheria, and the remains were interred in the Lancaster cemetery on Sunday afternoon. Mr. Clark is a son of Mr. William Clark formerly of this county and he married a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bourne. The bereaved parents who now reside in Fayette county have a host of friends and relatives here who deeply sympathize with them in the loss of their dearly loved little son.

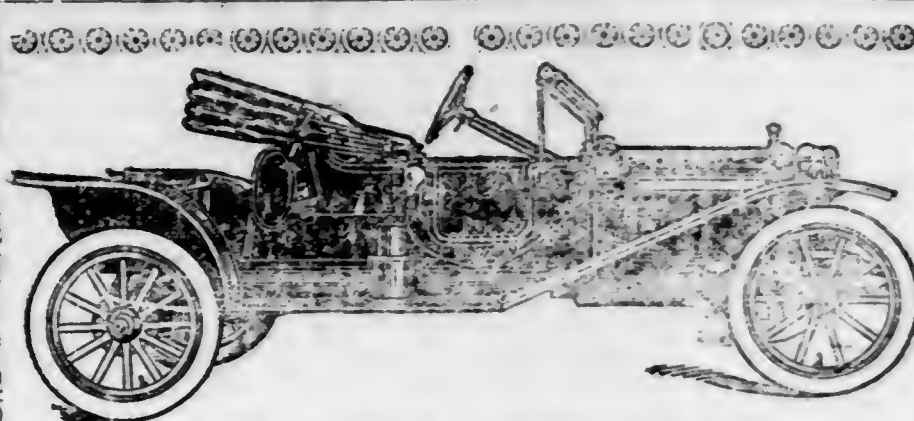
Mason.

Hugh L. Mason was born in Lancaster Kentucky January 1st, 1853 and died in Chicago Ill. January 19th 1912 of a acute Brights Disease. He was the second son of James D. and Elizabeth Logan Mason. At the age of 16 years Jan 1st, 1869 he entered the office of Col. E. D. Kennedy as deputy clerk of Garrard Circuit Court where he remained two years, and in April 1871 he secured through the influence of Hon. Allen A. Burton a position in the Treasury Department at Washington and while there under the advice of said Burton, he studied law and attended the night law school at Georgetown University and graduated at said school June 1875, he had as instructors and advisers in law Jas H. Embury and Samuel F. Miller associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. In September 1875 he removed to Chicago and engaged in the practice of law which he followed until his death. He was successful in his profession and had a large practice until 29 years before his death he engaged largely in the real estate business on his own responsibility. On October 9th, 1880 he married Miss Susan H. Shelby of Lincoln county who died several years ago. They had no children. He leaves his mother and three brothers, W. B., Geo. T. and Benjamin Mason to mourn his death. Peace to his ashes.

After funeral service at the grave by Rev. F. M. Tindler on Sunday afternoon his remains were placed at rest in the Lancaster cemetery.

Wiseman Lands Plum.

After a fight which has lasted for three years, during which time Senator Bradley has stood solidly for him and refused to accept either substitute or compromise, Winston Welch Wiseman has been appointed Internal Revenue Collector for the eighth district to succeed the present incumbent, J. Sherman Cooper. Mr. Wiseman will succeed to the office on Feb. 1st. He was nominated by the president on Tuesday of this week and his nomination confirmed by the senate the same day.



THE GREAT HUPMOBILE.

Just landed in New York after finishing a journey around the world—a distance of 46000 miles in sixteen months, carrying four passengers and full touring equipment. You cannot get around this if you want a GOOD CAR at a moderate price. Two, four and five passenger models.

Stormes Automobile Agency.

"GLEN LILLY"

It is easy for the housewife when she makes bread from the products of the

Garrard Milling Co.

Lancaster, Kentucky.

We will send you the

Daily Courier Journal

ONE YEAR FOR \$3.00,

Six months for \$1.75, Three months \$1.00.

Please let us have your subscription.

R. E. McRoberts & Son.

DANVILLE TOBACCO WAREHOUSE

Danville, Ky., January 20th.

The Danville Tobacco Warehouse, on Walnut St., makes the following report for the week. The weather has prevented the weed from moving freely this week, though we have been fairly busy, having good brake each sale day. Among those who made good averages are:

J. F. Ware, Boyle County	3,215 lbs	\$470.73.	Average \$14.64
Ed Buchanan, Lincoln	1,390 lbs	251.10.	" 18.00
Smith, Irxine & Wilder, Boyle	1,400 lbs	220.20.	" 15.70
R. L. & W. C. Handley, Boyle	2,235 lbs	372.56.	" 16.67
Vernon Lear, Lincoln,	1,035 lbs	171.51.	" 16.57
R. E. Purdom, Boyle	490 lbs	73.50.	" 15.00
Brummet & Bradshaw, Mercer	1,385 lbs	212.40.	" 15.35
J. A. Johnson, Boyle	690 lbs.	121.09.	" 17.55
Pelphrey & Rice, Garrard	730 lbs.	117.94.	" 16.38
K. S. Woods, Salvisa	2,800 lbs	476.17.	" 17.00

BEST PRICES LAST WEEK \$28.50.

We have been told by tobacco buyers who get reports daily that we have the best market in the state. We have representative buyers from Liggett & Myers American Tobacco Co., P. Lorillard & Co., R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., besides several Independent Factories and bidding is spirited on all grades. We know we can get you the top price for your Tobacco. Experienced packers to put your Tobacco on Sale in the most attractive style, and an Auctioneer without Peer in Kentucky—Col. R. E. Holland will get all that it will possibly bring and take a personal interest in every grower who sells with us. Don't take our word, ask any unprejudiced man who follows the sale daily where the best averages are made. If any doubting thomas questions the pounds and averages above, ask the sellers themselves, or better, come and examine our books and if we don't verify them will give \$100.00 to Danville's Charity Organization. Yours for a square deal.

DANVILLE TOBACCO WAREHOUSE

Incorporated.

WALNUT STREET.

DANVILLE, KENTUCKY.

P. S.—We are a Straight Commission House. We do not buy or allow a Pin-hooper on our Breaks.

THE FLYING MERCURY

By
Eleanor M. Ingram

Author of
"The Game and the Candle"

Illustrations by
RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The story opens on Long Island near New York City, where Miss Emily French, a relative of Ethan French, is the owner of the celebrated "Mercury" automobile. She is preparing for a race and her cousin Dick French is too muddled with drink to direct it right. They meet another car, which is run by a professional racer named Lestrangle. The latter fixes up the French car and directs Miss French to proceed toward the beach, where her cousin is waiting. She is feeling company, her cousin is feeling company, her cousin is feeling company.

CHAPTER II.—Ethan French has disappeared. He is growing old and feeble. Emily is the only one of the family to whom he can leave his wealth. He informs her plainly that he would like to have her marry Dick, who could carry on the business. Dick is a good-natured, but irresponsible fellow.

CHAPTER III.—It appears that a partner of Ethan French, wanting an expert to race with the "Mercury" at auto events, has engaged Lestrangle. Lestrangle is a professional racer and the French family Emily encounters the young man. They refer pleasantly to their first meeting when Dick comes along and recognizes the young racer.

CHAPTER IV.—Dick likes the way Lestrangle handles his first meeting when he appears to a disadvantage. They become quite friendly and Lestrangle tells Emily that he will try to make something out of her indifferent cousin and educate him as an automobile expert.

CHAPTER V.—Dick undertakes his business schooling under the tutelage of Lestrangle. Dick is sheer ritz, and in making a cordial race meets with an accident. Lestrangle strikes him bravely, and Dick guessing that his friend Lestrangle disclaims any intention of marrying her.

CHAPTER VI.—Lestrangle comes upon Emily in the moonlit garden of the French home. Under an impulse he cannot control he kisses her and leaves her, confessing in her own heart that he returns her love.

CHAPTER VII.—The uncle of Emily, learning of her attraction to Lestrangle, insists that the man is his disbarred son, whom she must never see before he is adopted by him. He claims that his son ran away with a disolute actress, refuses to acknowledge him, and orders Emily to think of Dick as her future husband.

CHAPTER VIII.

Six o'clock was the hour set for the start of the Beach race. And it was just seventeen minutes past five when Dick French, hanging in a frenzy of anxiety over the paddock fence circling the inside of the mile oval, uttered something resembling a howl and rushed to the gate to signal his recent driver. From the opposite side of the track, Lestrangle waved a return, making his way through the officials and friends who pressed around him to shake hands or slap his shoulder caressingly, jesting and questioning, calling directions and advice. A brass band played noisily in the grand-stand, where the crowd heaved and surged; the racing machines were roaring in their camps.

"What's the matter? Where were you?" cried Dick, when at last Lestrangle crossed the course to the central field. "The cars are going out now for the preliminary run. Rupert's nearly crazy, snarling at everybody, and the other man has been getting ready to start instead of you."

"Well, he can get ready," smiled Lestrangle. "Keep cool, French; I've got half an hour and I could start now. I'm ready."

He was ready; clad in the close-fitting khaki costume whose immaculate daintiness gave no hint of the certainty that before the first six hours ended it would be a wreck of yellow dust and oil. As he paused in running an appraising glance down the street-like row of tents, the white-clothed driver of a spottish white car shot out on his way to the track, but halted opposite the latest arrival to stretch a cordial hand.

"I hoped a trolley car had bitten you," he shouted. "The rest of us would have more show if you got lost on the way, Darling."

The boyish driver at the next tent looked up as they passed, and came grinning over to give his clasp. "Get a move on; what you been doin' all day, dear child? You've been givin' your manager sal'vatie to hold him still." He nodded at the agitated Dick in ironic commiseration.

"Go get out your car, Darling; I want to beat you," chaffed the next in line.

"Strike up the band, here comes a driver," sang another, with an entrancing French accent. Laughing, retorting, shaking hands with each comrade rival, Lestrangle went down the row to his own tent. At his approach a swarm of mechanics from the factory stood back from the long, low, gray car, the driver who was to relieve him during the night and day ordeal slipped down from the seat and unmasked.

"He's here," announced Dick superfluously. "Rupert—where's Rupert? Don't tell me he's gone now! Lestrangle!"

But Rupert was already emerging from the tent with Lestrangle's gauntlets and cap, his expression a study in the garden.

"It hurts me fierce to think how you must have hurried," he observed. "Did you walk both ways, or only all three? I'm no Eve, but I'd give a snake an apple to know where you've been all day."

"Would you?" queried Lestrangle provocatively, clapping the goggles before his eyes. "Well, I've spent the last two hours on the Coney Island beach, about three squares from here, watching the kiddies play in the sand. I didn't feel like driving just then, it was mighty soothing, too."

Rupert stared at him, a dry unwilling smile slowly crinkling his dark face.

"Maybe, Darling," he drawled, and turned to make his own preparations. Fascinated and useless, Dick looked on at the methodical flurry of the next few moments; until Lestrangle was in his seat and Rupert swung in beside him. Then a gesture summoned him to the side of the machine.

"I'll run in again before we race, of course," said Lestrangle to him, above the deafening noise of the motor. "Be around here; I want to see you."

Rupert leaned out, all good-humor once more as he pointed to the machine.

"Got a healthy talk, what?" he exclaimed.

The car darted forward.

A long round of applause welcomed Lestrangle's swooping advent on the track. Handkerchiefs and scarfs were waved; his name passed from mouth to mouth.

"Popular, ain't he?" chuckled a mechanic next to Dick. "They don't forget that Georgia trick, no, sir."

It was not many times that the cars could circle the track. Quarter of six blew from whistles and klaxons, signal flags sent the cars to their camps for the last time before the race.

"Come here," Lestrangle beckoned to Dick, as he brought his machine shuddering to a standstill before the tent. "Here, close—we've got a moment while they fill tanks."

He unhooked his goggles and leaned over as Dick came beside the wheel, the face so revealed bright and quiet in the sunset of glow.

"One never can tell what may happen," he said. "I'd rather tell you now than chance your feeling after what I didn't treat you quite squarely in keeping still. I hope you won't take it as my father did; we've been good chums, you and I. I am your cousin, David French."

The moment furnished no words. Dick leaned against the car, absolutely limp.

"Of course, I'm not going back to Frenchwood. After this race I shall go to the Duplex company; I used to be with them and they've wanted me back. Your company can get along without me, now all is running well. Indeed, Mr. French has dismissed me."

His firm lip bent a little more firmly. "The work I was doing is in your hands and Bailey's; see it through. Unless you too want to break off with me, we'll have more time to talk over this."

"Break off!" Dick straightened his

chubby figure. "Break off with you, Les—"

"Go on. My name is Lestrangle now and always."

A shrill from the official klaxon summoned the racers. Rupert swung back to his seat. Dick reached up his hand to the other, his first really dignified moment of his life.

"I'm glad you're my kin, Lestrangle," he said. "I've liked you anyhow, but I'm glad, just the same. And I don't care what rot they say of you. Take care of yourself."

Lestrangle bared his hand to return the clasp, his warm smile flashing to his cousin; then the swirl of preparation swept between them and Dick next saw him as part of one of the throbbing, flaming row of machines before the judges' stand.

It was not a tranquilizing experience for an amateur to witness the start, when the fourteen powerful cars sprang simultaneously for the first curve, struggling for possession of the narrow track in a wheel to wheel contest where one mistouch meant the wreck of many. After that first view, Dick sat weakly down on an oil barrel and watched the race in a state of fascinated endurance.

The golden and violet sunset melted pearl-like into the black cup of night. The glare of many searchlights made the track a glistening band of white, around which circled the cars, themselves gemmed with white and crimson lamps. The cheers of the people as the lead was taken by one favored driver, the hum of the engines, and the music and uproar of the machines blended into a web of sound indescribable. The spectacle was at once ultramodern and classic in antiquity of conception.

At eight o'clock Lestrangle came flying in, sent off the track to have a lamp relighted.

"Water," he demanded tersely, in the sixty seconds of the stop, and laughed openly at Dick's expression while he took the cup.

"Why didn't you light it out there?" asked the novice, infected by the speed fever around him.

"Forgot our matches," Rupert fung from his shoulder, as they dashed out again.

An oil-smeared mechanic pattingly explained:

"You can't have cars manuevering over the track and people tripping over 'em. You get sent off to light up, and if you don't go they fine you lapa made."

Machines darted in and out from their camps at intervals, each waking a frenzy of excitement among its men. At ten o'clock the Mercury car came in again, this time limping with a flat tire, to be fallen on by its mechanics.

"We're leading, but we'll lose by this," said Lestrangle, slipping out to relax and meditatively contemplating the alternate driver, who was standing across the camp. "French, at twelve

I'll have to come in to test some, and turn my machine over to the other man. And I won't have him wrecking it for me. I want you, as owner, to give him absolute orders to do no speeding; let him hold a fifty-two mile an hour average until I take the wheel again."

"Me?"

"Can't do it. You, of course."

"You could," Dick answered. "I've been thinking how you and I will run that factory together. It's all stuff about your going away; why should you? You and your father take me as junior partner, you know I'm not big enough for anything else."

"You're man's size," Lestrangle assured, a hand on his shoulder. "But it won't do. I'll not forget the offer, though, never."

"All on!" a dozen voices signaled; men scattered in every direction as Lestrangle sprang to his place.

The hours passed on the wheels of excitement and suspense. When Lestrangle came in again, only a watch convinced Dick that it was midnight.

"You gave the order?" Lestrangle asked.

"Yes."

He descended, taking off his mask and showing a face white with fatigue under the streaks of dust and grime.

"I'll be all right in half an hour," he nodded, in answer to Dick's exclamation. "Send one of the boys for coffee, will you, please? Rupert needs some, too. Here, one of you others, ask one of those idle doctor's apprentices to come over with a fresh bandage; my arm's a trifle untidy."

In fact, his right sleeve was wet and red, where the strain of driving had reopened the injury of the day before. But he would not allow Dick to speak of it.

"I'm going to spend an hour or two resting. Come in, French, and we'll chat in the intervals, if you like."

"And Rupert? Where's he?" Dick wondered, peering into the dark with a vague impression of lurking dangers on every side.

"He's hurried in out of the night air," reassured familiar accents; a small figure lounged across into the light, making vigorous use of a dripping towel. "Tell Darling I feel faint and I'm going over to that grand-stand cafe a la car to get some pie. I'll be back in time to read over my last lesson from the chauffeur's correspondence school. Oh, see what's here!"

A telegraph messenger boy had come up to Dick.

"Richard French?" he verified. "Sign, please."

The message was from New York. "All coming down," Dick read. "Limousine making delay. Wire me at St. Royal of race. Bailey."

Far from pleased, young French hurriedly wrote the desired answer and gave it to the boy to be sent. But he thrust the yellow envelope into his pocket before turning to the tent where Lestrangle was drinking cheap black coffee while an impatient young surgeon hovered near.

The hour's rest was characteristic of him. Washed, bandaged, and refreshed, Lestrangle dropped in a cot in the back of the tent and pushed a roll of motor garments beneath his head for a pillow. There he intermittently spoke to his companion of what the moment suggested; listening to every sound of the race and interspersing acute comment, starting up whenever the voice of his own machine hinted that the driver was disobeying instructions or the shrill klaxon gave warning of trouble. But through it all Dick gathered much of the family story.

"My mother was a Californian," Lestrangle once said, coming back from a tour of inspection. "She was twenty times as much alive as any French that ever existed. I've been told, I fancy she passed that quality on to me—you know she died when I was born—for I nearly drove the family mad. They expected the worst of me, and I gave the best worst I had. But, he turned to Dick the clear candor of his smile, "It was rather a decent worst, I honestly believe. The most outrageous thing I ever did was to lead a set of seniors in holding a cow into the dean's library one night, and so get myself expelled from college."

"A cow?" the other echoed.

"A fat cow, and it moosed," he stuffed the pillow into a more comfortable position. "Is that our car running in? No, it's just passing. If Frank doesn't wreck my machine, I'll get this race. And then, the same week, my chum and roommate ran away with a Doradora girl of some variety show and married her. I was romantic myself at twenty-one, so I helped him through with it. He was wealthy and she was pretty; it seemed to fit. I believe they've stayed married ever since, by the way. But somehow the reporters got affairs mixed and published me as the bride-groom. Have you got a cigar?"

He smoked about three times as long as this one of them. Yes, there was a fine scene when I went home that night, a Broadway melodrama. I lost my temper easier then; by the time my father and uncle gave me time to speak, I was too angry to defend myself and set them right. I supposed they would learn the truth by the next day, anyhow. And I left home for good in a dinner coat and raglan with something under ten dollars in odd change. What's that?"

"That," was the harsh alarm of the official klaxon, coupled with the cry of countless voices. The ambulance gong clanged as Lestrangle sprang to his feet and reached into the door.

"Which car?" he called.

Rupert answered first:

"Not ours. Number eight's burning up after a smash on the far turn."

"Jack's car," identified Lestrangle, and stood for an instant. "Go flag Frank; I'll take the machine again myself. It's one o'clock, and I've got to win this race."

Several men ran across to the track in compliance. Lestrangle turned to make ready, but paused beside the awed Dick to look over the infield toward the flaming blot against the dark sky.

"He is in to change a tire ten minutes ago," observed Rupert, beside them. "Tell Lestrangle I'm doin' him catchin' him," he yelled to me. Here's

hoping his broncho machine pitched him clear from the fireworks."

When the Mercury car swung in, a moment later, Lestrangle lingered for a last word to Dick.

"I'm engaged to Emily," he said, gravely. "I don't know what she will tell me; if anything happens, I'll tell you the truth. I'm old enough to see it now. And I tried to square things."

CHAPTER IX.

In the delicate, fresh June dawn, the French limousine crept into the Beach enclosure.

"We're here," said Bailey, to his traveling companions. "You can't park the car in front by the fence; Mr. David might see you and kill himself by a misturn. Come up to the grand-stand seats."

Mr. French got out in silence and assisted Emily to descend; a pale and wide-eyed Emily behind her veil.

"The boys were calling extras," she suggested faintly. "They said three accidents on the track."

Bailey turned to a blue and gold official passing.

"Number seven all right?" he asked.

"On the track, Lestrangle driving," was the prompt response. "Leading by thirty-two miles."

A little of Emily's color rushed back. Satisfied, Bailey led their way to the tiers of seats, almost empty at this young light, lay the huge oval meadow and the track edging it.

"I've sent over for Mr. Dick," Bailey informed the other two. "He's been here, and he can tell what's doing. Four cars are out of the race. There's Mr. David coming!"

A gray machine shot around the west curve, hurtled roaring down the straight stretch past the stand and crossed before them, the mechanic rising in his seat to catch the pendant linen streamers and wipe the dust from the driver's goggles in preparation for the "death turn" ahead. There was a series of rapid explosions as the driver shut off his motor, the machine swerved almost facing the infield fence and slid around the bend with a skidding lurch that threw a cloud of soil high in the air. Emily cried out.

Mr. French half rose in his place.

"What's the matter?" dryly queried Bailey. "He's been doing that all night; if a pretty turn he makes, too. He's been doing it for about five years, in fact, earning his living, only we didn't see him. Here goes another."

Mr. French put on his placeness, preserving the dignity of outward composure. Emily saw and heard nothing; she was following Lestrangle around the far sides of the course, around until again he flashed past her, repeating his former feat with appalling exactitude.

It was hardly more than five minutes before Dick came hurrying toward them; cross, tired, dust-streaked and gasoline-scented.

"I don't see why you wanted to come," he began before he reached them. "I'm busy enough now. We're leading; if a pretty turn he makes, too. He's been doing it for about five years, in fact, earning his living, only we didn't see him. Here goes another."

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neath, its driver got down and cried. And you'd come down on Lestrangle when he's winning—I won't do it. I won't! Send Bailey; I can't tell him."

"If you want to discredit the car and its driver, Mr. French, you can do it without me," slowly added Bailey. "But it won't be any use to send for Mr. David, because he won't come."

The autocar of his little world looked from one rebel to the other, confounded with the unprecedented.

"If I wish to withdraw him, it is to place him out of danger," he retorted with asperity. "Not because I wish to mortify him, naturally. Is that clear? Does he want to pass the next thirteen hours under this ordeal?"

"I'll tell you what he wants," answered Dick. "He wants to be left alone. It seems to me he's earned that."

Emily French opened his lips and closed them again without speech. It had not been his life's habit to let people alone and the art was acquired with difficulty.

"I admit I do not comprehend the feelings you describe," he conceded, at last. "But there is one person who has the right to decide whether David shall continue this risk of his life. Emily, do you wish the car withdrawn?"

There was a gasp from the other two men.

"I?" the young girl exclaimed, amazed. "I can call him here—safe—"

Her voice died out as Lestrangle's car roared past, overtaking two rivals on the turn and sliding between them with an audacity that provoked rounds of applause from the spectators. To call him in from that, to have him safe with her—the mere thought was a delight that caught her breath. Yet, she knew Lestrangle.

The three men watched her in keen suspense. The Mercury car had passed twice again before she raised her head, and in that space of a hundred seconds Emily reached the final unselfishness.

"What David wants," she said. "Uncle, what David wants."

"You're a brick!" cried Dick, in a passion of relief. "Emily, you're a brick!"

She looked at him with eyes he never forgot.

"If anything happens to him, I hope I die too," she answered, and drew the silk veil across her face.

"Go back, Mr. Dick, you're no good here," advised Bailey, in the pause. "I guess Miss Emily is right, Mr. French; we've got nothing to do but look on, for David French was wiped out to make Lestrangle."

Having left the decision to Emily, it was in character that her uncle offered no remonstrance when she disappointed his wish.

When Lestrangle came into his camp for oil and gasoline, near eight o'clock, Dick seized the brief halt, the first in three hours.

"Emily's up in the stand," he announced. "Send her a word, old man; and don't get reckless in front of her."

"Emily?" echoed Lestrangle, too weary for astonishment. "Give me a pencil. No, I can't take off my gauntlet; it's glued fast. I'll manage. Rupert, go take an hour's rest and send me the other mechanic."

"I can't get off my car; it's glued fast," Rupert confided, leaning over the back of the machine to appropriate a sandwich from the basket a man was carrying to the neighboring camp. "Go on with your correspondence, dearest."

So resting the card Dick supplied on the steering wheel, Lestrangle wrote a difficult two lines.

He was out again on the track when Dick brought the message to Emily.

"I just told him you were here, cousin," he whispered in her ear, and dropped the card in her lap.

"I'll enjoy this more than ever, with you here," she read. "It's the right place for my girl. I'll give you the cup for our first dinner table, tonight."

"DAVID."

Emily lifted her face. The tragedy of the scene was gone, Lestrangle's eyes laughed at her out of a mist. The sky was blue, the sunshiny golden; the merry crowd commencing to pour in like carnival in her heart.

"He said to tell you the machine was running magnificently," supplemented Dick, "and not to insult his veteran reputation by getting nervous. He's coming by—look."

He was coming by; and, although unable to look toward the grand-stand he raised his hand in salute as he passed, to the one he knew was watching. Emily flushed rosily, her dark eyes warm and shining.

"I can wait," she sighed, gratefully. "Dickie, I can wait until it ends now."

Dick went back.

The hours passed. One more car was out of the race under the grinding test; there were the usual incidents of blown-out tires and temporary withdrawals for repairs. Twice Mr. French sent his partner and Emily to the restaurant below, tolerating his seat. Perfectly composed, his expression perfectly self-contained, he watched his son.

The day grew unbearably hot toward afternoon, a heat rather of July than June. After a visit to his camp Lestrangle reappeared without the suffocating mask and cap, driving bareheaded, with only the narrow goggles crossing his face. The change left visible the drawn pallor of exhaustion under stains of dust and oil, his rolled-back sleeves disclosed the crimson badge on his right arm and the fact that his left wrist was tightly wound with linen where swollen and strained muscles rebelled at the long trial.

"He's been driving for nineteen hours," said Dick, climbing up to his party through the excited crowd. "Two hours more to six o'clock. Listen to the mob when he passes!"

The injunction was unnecessary. As the sun slanted low the enthusiasm grew to fever. This was a crowd of cognoscenti—motorists, chauffeurs, automobile lovers and drivers—they knew what was being done before them. The word

Wanted!

Farmers Tobacco Warehouse Co.

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SUCCESSORS TO
Richmond Tobacco Warehouse
COMPANY, wants to sell your

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Additional light and floor space and plenty of room to shelter your tobacco. We furnish stalls for teams free.

Give us a trial before going elsewhere.

Near L. & N. Depot, Richmond.
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THE NATIONAL BANK OF LANCASTER.

Capital \$50,000. Surplus 25,000.

A. R. DENNY, President.
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J. F. ROBINSON, Ass't Cashier. R. T. EMERY, Book-Keeper.

Safety Deposit Boxes For Rent.
WE SOLICIT YOUR BUSINESS.

Samuel D. Cochran, Alex R. Denny, J. H. Posey, J. E. Stormes, S. C. Denny, J. L. Gill, Dr. W. M. Elliott, Directors.

Your Account IS DUE

Come in and Settle.

We NEED The Money.

We need it NOW not next week or next month, but NOW.

J. R. MOUNT, SON & CO.



In the New Home

You want the best when starting in the new home. Above all, you want that home to be snug and warm and comfortable. You are sure of warmth and comfort with a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater.

The Perfection is the best and most reliable heater made. It is a sort of portable fireplace.

It is ready night and day. Just strike a match and light the wick. The Perfection is all aglow in a minute.

The Perfection Oil Heater does not smell nor smoke—a patent automatic device prevents that. It can be carried easily from room to room and is equally suitable for any room in the house. Handsomely finished, with nickel trimmings; drums of either turquoise-blue enamel or plain steel.

PERFECTION OIL HEATER
Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)

The Flying Mercury.

Continued from Page 4.

Robert passed a glance over the deserted track.
"I guess my sentiment-tank has given out," he sweetly acknowledged. "The Mercury factory sounds pretty good to me, Darling. And I guess we can make a joy ride out of living, on any track, if we enter for it."
"I guess we can," laughed David French. "Get in opposite Emily. We're going home to try."
THE END.

BLOCKADED

Every Household in Lancaster Should Know How To Resist It.

The brak may ache because the kidneys are blocked.
Help the kidneys with their work. The back will ache no more.
Lots of proof that Doan's Kidney Pills do this.

It's the best proof, for it comes from Lancaster.
Mrs. J. W. Pumphrey, Danville St., Lancaster, Ky., says: "My experience with Doan's Kidney Pills leads me to say that they live up to the claims made for them. I suffered a great deal from backache and could not sleep well. On several occasions my back became so painful and weak that I was unable to attend to my household. Being advised to give Doan's Kidney Pills a trial, I did so, procuring a supply at Frisbie's Drug Store. They helped me from the first and I was soon relieved."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents, Foster-Milburn Co., New York, sole agents for the United States.
Remember the name—Doan's and take no other.

ET. HEBRON

Mr. Author Montgomery has typhoid fever.

Miss Lavina Montgomery who has been quite sick is improving slowly.

Bennie Hamilton and Mary Francis Montgomery are victims of chicken pox.
Mr. J. M. Vanderpool formerly of this county, but has resided in and near Lexington for a few years has moved to the place vacated by Mr. Frank Clark and Mr. Clark and family will leave soon for their new home in Indiana.

Zemo Makes Astonishing Eczema Cures.

"WE PROVE IT." No. 1.
Every day ZEMO gives relief and cures men, women and children in every city and town in America whose skins are on fire with torturing ECZEMA rashes and other itching, burning, scaly, and crusted skin and scalp humors.

ZEMO and ZEMO (ANTISEPTIC) SOAP, two refined preparations will give you such quick relief that you will feel like a new person.

We give you three reasons why we recommend and endorse ZEMO and ZEMO SOAP for all skin and scalp eruptions.

1st. They are clean, scientific preparations that give universal satisfaction and are pleasant and agreeable to use at all times.

2nd. They are not experiments, but are proven cures for every form of skin or scalp affections whether on infants or grown persons.

3rd. They work on a new principle. They do not glaze over the surface, but they penetrate to the seat of the trouble and draw the germ life from underneath the skin and destroy it. In this way a complete cure is effected in any case of SKIN OR SCALP ERUPTION.
Endorsed and sold in Lancaster by the McRoberts & Son Drug Store.

BUENA VISTA

Ora Florence and family have moved to the farm of J. B. Rubble.

Marshall Scott has put in a line of groceries in his harness shop.

William Christopher who has been quite sick is better at this writing.

Alfred Swope and wife of Bryantsville have been the guests of Mrs. Swope.

Messames James and Hugh Christopher visited relatives in Lexington the first of the week.

Mrs. Johnson of Hamilton, has been visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. Robert Halcomb at Mr. S. W. Poor's.

Miss Carpenter of Mercer will teach a private school here, and Miss Alice Mabel Scott will teach at Linderdale.

Quarterly meeting services at Mt. Olivet next Saturday and Sunday. The new Elder, Rev. W. E. Arnold will preside.

R. E. McRoberts & Son Guarantees Hyomei

If you really mean that you want to drive every bit of catarrh from your nose and throat why not try a sensible remedy that is guaranteed to banish catarrh, or money back.

If you already own a little hard rubber Hyomei inhaler you can buy a bottle of HYOMEI (pronounce it High-ome) for only 50 cents. If you do not own an inhaler ask for complete HYOMEI outfit which contains an inhaler. This will cost you \$1.00.

Then breathe HYOMEI and get rid of catarrh, relief comes in five minutes a days treatment will make you happy, a week's treatment and snuffles mucus and hawking go, another week and goodbye to catarrh. Try it to day on money back plan. Sold by R. E. McRoberts & Son and druggists everywhere.

A PROFESSIONAL VISIT

By A. TOMLINSON FORD

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

Tom Murphy was a lusty lad not long from the Emerald Isle. He could never see any work going on but he must be in it. His fort was emergencies. If a man needed to be dug out from under a pile of bricks or earth Tom's pick and shovel were always in the advance of others. Did some one tumble in a well Tom was the person to go down and rescue him. Indeed, Tom was always about when an accident occurred and the principal man in the salvage gang.

But great strength in one direction is usually at the expense of strength in another. Let Tom get sick and he was the veriest coward and whimperer in the land. At the slightest ailment he would take to his bed and groan and fret and wonder why the doctor didn't come, keeping his mother and his little sister Nora waiting on him. Then the moment the pain left him he was covered with shame at his timidity. He kicked off the cover, bounded out of bed and seized upon any method convenient or otherwise to show those about him that he was, after all, a man.

One afternoon Tom was seized with a gripe. As usual, he got into bed, dispatched his younger brother for the doctor and roared for restoratives. His mother brought hot water, dipped a towel in it and clapped it on Tom's bare stomach. Tom hunched with pain, for the water was near the boiling point and took the skin off. His mother ran to the water cooler with another towel, soaked it in and, running back to the bed, put it where she had put the other one. A terrible chill ran through the invalid, and the gripping increased fourfold.

"If the doctor don't get here within five minutes," he cried, "I shall be a dead man."

But before the five minutes were up the pain suddenly left him. He sat up in bed and looked about him.

"Lie down," said his mother. "The doctor is coming and if he finds you able to sit up he will be very angry. You've been hurrying him, telling him that you were at death's door."

Tom lay back on his pillow and covered himself up. Presently he heard a commotion without and fragments of sentences. "Holy mother, he'll be drowned!" "Run quick!" "What's the matter?" and such like phrases. Jumping out of bed, Tom ran into another room where he could look for half a mile down the road. There was the doctor's automobile rolled down the bank beside the road, till it hung on the margin over the river. The chauffeur was swimming, while the doctor was holding the auto to keep it from sliding into the water.

"Give me me clothes," cried Tom. "Quick, the doctor's auto will be lost!" "Bad luck to you, Tom," said his mother, "for an idiot. We've been telephoning an' sendin' for the doctor to save yer life, an' now yer goin' to lift his automobile!"

"Me clothes, me clothes!" was all the reply they received. They brought them, and while he was putting them on he cried:

"Nora, go to bed."

"What for?" asked Nora.

"So we can tell the doctor that a mistake was made."

By this time Tom had got into his shirt, his trousers and his boots and dashed down to where the doctor was holding the auto. Tom grabbed it and with the strength of a young bull tugged at it until he got it to a place where it was safe from further injury. Then the doctor looked at him surprised.

"I thought you were dying," he said. "Ye'r mistaken; it's Nora. Hurry doctor. She's got rumatiz and pneumonia and stomach ache all at the same time."

The doctor went on up to the house leaving Tom to look after the auto while the chauffeur went to dry him self. As soon as the physician reached the house he was hurried into Nora's room. A pompous, opinionated old fellow, he would not brook a suggestion from any one. He felt Nora's pulse and put his ear down to her heart.

"I think it's a bad cold, doctor," said her mother. "I hope it won't turn into new-moony."

"A cold be hanged!" said the doctor savagely. "She's got no cold, but palpitation of the heart. I must check it or she'll die!"

Poor little Nora! She had been so excited over the recent events, especially the turn they had taken in her being the invalid wonder of her brother, that it is no wonder her heart beat wildly. She did not know what terrible remedy the doctor would employ.

"It's in me side, doctor," she said faintly, hoping to ward off any heart remedies.

"You need something warming," said the medical man. "Bring a red-hot poker."

"Holy mother! Doctor, are ye goin' to warrum me wid that?"

"I'm going to mull some liquor with it," said the doctor.

But Nora was not convinced, and while the physician turned his back to get some pills out of his medicine case, she jumped out of bed and ran for dear life.

The doctor, angered beyond measure talked out of the house, found his auto at the door and, jumping in, chugged viciously away.

Tom was afterward on one occasion very sick and sent for the doctor again, but he wouldn't come.

Old Soldier Tortured.

"For years I suffered unspeakable torture from indigestion, constipation and liver trouble," wrote A. K. Smith, a war veteran at Erie, Pa., "but Dr. King's New Life Pills fixed me all right. They're simply great." Try them for any stomach, liver or kidney trouble. Only 25c at R. E. McRoberts & Son.

CARDS.

Go to the BEST Place if you want the BEST WORK.

We have the only Steam Sterilizer in town for Massage. Shop on Richmond St.

HENRY DUNCAN
THE OLD RELIABLE BARBER.

J. W. SWEENEY
LIVERY, FEED and
SALE STABLE.

Stanford Street.
LANCASTER, KENTUCKY.

DR. Wm. BURNETT
Physician and Surgeon.

Office over Logan's store.
Residence Phone 75. Office Phone 6.

H. J. PATRICK,
Dentist.

All Work Guaranteed.
Paint Lick, Kentucky
11-19-12.

M. K. Denny,
DENTIST
Office over Mrs. Arnold's Millinery.

Dr. R. L. Pontius,
Veterinary Surgeon
and Dentist.

Office at Sweeney's Livery Stable.
Lancaster, -- -- Kentucky

Office Hours Office over
10 a.m. to 12 p.m. to 4. Stormes' Drug Store

B. F. WALTER
DENTIST.
Phone 65. Lancaster, Ky.

H. J. TINSLEY,
County Surveyor.
PHONE 222-1.
Office over E. G. Hurt's furniture store.
Lancaster, -- -- Kentucky



E. W. Morrow, Graduate Optician.
Glasses Fitted, Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Cut Flowers
of QUALITY.
Ware McRoberts.

J. E. Robinson,
LAWYER AND COUNTY ATTORNEY.

VIII Practice in all State Courts and U. S. District Court.

Office over Police Court. Phone 193

Henry L. Casey, D. V. S.
VETERINARIAN.

Former Director Animal Industry Philippines
4lands. Ex-Veterinarian United States Army.
Office at Logan's Stable.
Telephone 32 and 412. DANVILLE, KY.

Oakdale Herd of
Registered Durocs

Royal blood and splendid individuality
Fall boars and gilts for sale.

J. F. ROBINSON, LANCASTER, KY

TO THE CUSTOMERS OF THE
Lancaster
Dry Cleaning Co

I will remain at old stand, on public square, for cleaning and pressing ladies and mens garments. Hats cleaned and blocked, shoe repairing. Phone 340. Join the pressing Club \$1.50 per month. Pressing and shoes polished.
b. W. Faulkner, Mgr.

Fruit and Shade Trees

Shrubs, Asparagus.

Rhubarb, Peonies.

Roses, Phlox, Etc.

Everything for Orchard, Lawn and Garden. Our prices may interest you. Write for free Catalogue. No Agts.

H. F. Hillenmeyer & Sons.
Lexington, Kentucky.

W. O. Rigney

Funeral Director
and Embalmer.

Home Phone 33. Office Phone 18. Lancaster, Ky.



PAY ALL Bills By Check

and there will never be any disputes. The Garrard Bank & Trust Co invites household as well as business accounts. Most women know how difficult it is to make their cash balance when they pay in cash. You can avoid all the trouble and worry by opening an account at the Garrard Bank and Trust Co. Then you'll know where every cent of your money goes.
The Garrard Bank & Trust Company.

B. F. HUDSON, President. J. S. JOHNSON, Vice Pres't.
— ORGANIZED 1883. —

The Citizens National Bank OF LANCASTER, KY.

CAPITAL \$30,000. SURPLUS \$35,000.

W. F. CHAMP, Cashier.

W. O. RIGNEY, Ass't Cash'r. J. J. WALKER, JR., Book-Keeper.

Business Solicited. Prompt Attention.

J. S. Johnson, B. F. Hudson, J. J. Walker, T. M. Arnold, Alex Gibbs
Lewis L. Walker, C. A. Arnold, Directors.

COURIER-JOURNAL FOR 1912.

You can not keep posted on current political events unless you read the

COURIER-JOURNAL

(Louisville, Ky.,—Henry Watterson, Editor)

This PRESIDENTIAL YEAR.
The Tariff will be the issue and the battle will be a hard-fought one. You can get

Weekly Courier-Journal AND

The Central Record

Both One Year For \$1.50.

Regular price of Weekly Courier-Journal \$1.00 a year. We can also make a special rate on Daily or Sunday Courier-Journal in combination with this paper.

To Get Advantage of This Cut Rate, Orders Must Be Sent Us, Not to Courier-Journal.

It Seems Impossible
That A Man Should
Smile when paying
his Coal Bill.

Yet men who got their supply of us last year are paying for this year's with a smile.

WHY?

Well because our coal goes farther. Don't take so much to get the right heat. Better try it and find out for yourself.

Lancaster Lumber & M'fg Co.

NEW ORLEANS AND MOBILE MARDI GRAS SPECIAL REDUCED FARES

Tickets on sale February 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 and 19
Good Returning until March 2, 1912, with Privilege of Extension.
STOP OVERS AT ALL PRINCIPAL POINTS
FOR FULL PARTICULARS, CALL ON ANY TICKET AGENT, OR WRITE
H. C. KING, Passenger and Ticket Agent, 101 E. Main Street, Lexington, Ky. General Passenger Agent, Ingalls Building, Cincinnati, O.

SUGGESTIONS

BUY EARLY.

SEW EARLY.

WEAR EARLY.

Spring patterns in all the various Linens, Linen Suitings, Flaxons, Linweave Dress Fabrics and 32 inch French Gingham in the best assortment of patterns we have ever shown. **SEE OUR DISPLAY.**

A window showing of Silk Petticoats worth from \$6.50 to \$10.00 reduced to \$3.98. Notice our novel showing of Flouncings, Laces and Embroideries in New and Distinctive Patterns.

Call and see our New Importations of Rugs and Matting for our Designs are more attractive than any you have seen.

The Joseph Mercantile Company.

The only store in your town that does not put on a Sale---Yet Always Makes Good.

Madison Tobacco Warehouse Co.

INCORPORATED

Located on Third Street--L. & A. Depot. Richmond, Ky.

We gave satisfaction to our customers last season and feel that with that season's experience, we are better prepared and qualified to serve our customers.

Experienced men in all departments. We will get you the highest market price for your tobacco.

Free accommodation for teams. Free Insurance. Splendid Light. Courteous Treatment. A square deal to all.

DIRECTORS.

Elzie C. Million, Elmer Deatherage,
T. J. Curtis, C. H. Vaught,
Marion Coy, Thos. J. Smith.

Gossip About People

A Brief Mention of the Comings and Goings of Those We Are Interested In.

John Merryman of Paris, Ill., is here visiting his parents.

H. C. Hamilton was in Crab Orchard the past week on business.

Miss Sallie Daniel of Paris is here visiting Mrs. John M. Mout.

Miss Eliza Ison of Lower Garrard is the guest of Mrs. W. R. Cook.

Mrs. Russell Denton of Hackley is with her daughter Mrs. V. A. Lear.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Thompson have been in Crab Orchard visiting friends.

Little Miss Cecil Batson is in Stanford visiting her grandmother Mrs. J. H. Hilton.

Miss Cecil Elliott of Lexington is with her brother Dr. Wm. Mc Elliott and family.

Miss Margaret Hocker of Stanford has been visiting her aunt Mrs. Mattie Duncan.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Price were in Stanford Friday the guest of Dr. and Mrs. A. S. Price.

Miss Allie Yantis is at home after a visit to her cousin Miss Lottie Carson of Stanford.

Miss Allene Bourne is at home after a visit to her sister Mrs. W. K. Warner of Stanford.

Miss Nannie Long of Kirksville, is with her cousins Misses Allie and Stella Hendren.

Mrs. T. B. Walker and sons of Nicholasville were recent guests at the Simpson House.

Mrs. Oscar Hendren of Kirksville is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. James P. Prather.

Mr. Stephen Walker Sr., has returned from Lebanon and is very much improved in health.

Miss Lettie May McRoberts is at home from a most enjoyable visit to friends in Richmond.

Misses Elsie Zimmer and Annie Kist have returned from a weeks visit to relatives in Cincinnati.

Miss Ella Barnett has returned to her home in Hustonville after a visit to Miss Mary Chestnut.

Judge Jennings Greenleaf of Richmond was here Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. Emma Kauffman.

Mrs. George M. Patterson left Saturday for a stay of several months at the Crab Orchard Sanatorium.

Mr. J. M. Bush of Minneapolis, Minn., has been the recent guest of Rev. O. P. Bush and Mrs. Bush.

Miss Mollie Smith's many friends will be glad to learn she is somewhat improved from her recent illness.

Mrs. Mary L. Taylor and daughter Miss Abbie Taylor of Washington, D. C. are in Martinsville, Ind., for a stay.

Rev. O. P. Bush was in Clark County for a visit to his parents a family reunion being held at the Bush home.

Mrs. J. B. Paxton and children of Stanford came Saturday for a stay with Mrs. Paxton's mother Mrs. Alex C. Robinson.

Miss Callie Adams is at home again after a visit to Mrs. Joe F. Pettus of Springfield, where she was the guest of honor at a number of social functions.

Miss Jane Doty entertained the Embroidery Club Tuesday afternoon in honor of her guest Miss Mary Miller of Richmond. A dainty luncheon was served.

J. Herbert Kinnaird was here Sunday to see his aunts the Misses Kinnairds. He left Wednesday for Chicago, Illinois where he will engage in the insurance business.

Mrs. R. E. McRoberts gave an informal "Musical Monday Evening"

at her handsome home on Danville street in honor of Miss Sallie Daniel of Paris Mrs. John M. Mout's attractive visitor.

J. Y. Robinson leaves Monday for Columbus Ga.

Mrs. Emma Higginbotham is in Stanford visiting relatives.

Mr. Ap Nevius of Stanford is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Nevius.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Elkin have been recent guests of Stanford relatives.

Mrs. J. A. Amon and Miss Bessie Gully were visitors in Danville Tuesday.

Mr. S. D. Rothwell formerly of this place is in Louisville for medical treatment.

Mr. Wm. Champ and little daughter Bernice were in Cincinnati for several days stay.

Misses Minnie Brown and Minnie Gully spent Sunday at Buckeye with Mrs. Dr. Ray.

Mr. George T. Mason of Chicago spent a few days with his mother Mrs. Elizabeth Mason.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Denman of Nicholasville were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alex West.

Mesdames Mathews and Glass of Jessamine were here Sunday for the funeral of Mr. Mason.

Mesdames W. P. Kincaid and J. D. Weaven of Stanford were with Lancaster friends Monday.

Mrs. J. C. Eubanks of Stanford has been on a recent visit to her mother Mrs. Belle Perkins.

Miss Ida Potts who has been visiting her sister Mrs. Davis Prather left Sunday for Cincinnati.

Mesdames Wm. Lear and W. R. Bastin were guests of Mrs. B. C. Rose of Bryantsville Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Walker of Nicholasville are visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Walker.

Captain Ike Dunn and son of Danville were here Sunday for the funeral of the late Mr. Hugh L. Mason.

Mrs. W. O. Rigney was called to Nicholasville by the serious illness of her brother Mr. Baker Walker.

Mrs. O. A. Hendren and children of Cottonburg have been visiting her parents. Mr. and Mrs. Jas. P. Prather.

Mrs. J. E. Robinson entertained the Bridge Club Thursday afternoon. Miss Alberta Anderson was hostess the past week for the same club.

The following young ladies are expected to arrive soon and form a house party at the home of Miss Lettie May McRoberts, Misses Martha Burke Collinsville, Ill., Misses Julia White, Jane Stockton and Callie Shackelford of Richmond.

Dr. J. C. Wright and wife of Clear Lake Ia. are the guests of Mr. Henry Hurt and other relatives in the county.

Dr. Wright is a prominent physician in his home town, and like all citizens who migrate from old Garrard, they win name and fame in their new homes.

An addition to Lancaster society is a circulating library in Miss Rella Arnold's millinery establishment, which has been furnished by the Woman's Club. This donation of standard works is from the Public Literature Commission at Frankfort.

Invitations were received here at his former home of Roger Rucker, announcing his wedding in Lexington. The bride was Miss Adelia Broadus of Lexington, the wedding occurring on the 10th, at the Methodist church. The groom is a deserving young business man holding a lucrative position with one of the Lexington banks.

Miss Lettie May McRoberts will give an elaborate "Reception" Tuesday afternoon, the honor guests being Miss Burke of Collinsville Ill., Misses Shackelford, White, and Stockton of Richmond. The pretty home will be made more inviting by artistic decorations. An appetizing and dainty confection luncheon will add much to the hospitality of the occasion.

Mrs. Mary M. Taylor has announced the marriage of her daughter Abby to

Mr. Charles Townsend of Leavenworth Kansas. The ceremony took place Saturday Jan 20, at Martinsville Ind. where Mrs. Taylor and Miss Taylor were guests at the Martinsville Sanatorium. The bride is a bright and attractive sister of Mrs. C. C. Brown whom she has frequently visited.

R. L. Arnold was down from Richmond for a few days last week. He was mighty glad to be back if only for a few days. He tells us he is thriving in a business way in Richmond, and that also he has purchased the interest of his partner in the business, and contemplates extensive additions to the large number of lines which he already carries, in the near future.

Editor Shelton Sauley of Stanford was a pleasant caller at this office Monday and was accompanied by Ed. Walton, an old time newspaper man, formerly editor of the Interior Journal, and one of the best all round newspaper men Central Kentucky ever produced. Ed. is "looking around" and we hope and believe that ere long we shall again welcome him to the journalistic field.

Church Services.

Communion services at the Methodist church 11 a. m. next Sunday; sermon by Rev. W. E. Arnold; also at night. Quarterly Conference 1:30 p. m.

Lancaster Fair.

Will Lancaster have a Fair this year? Well we should say she will and the best of the many good ones ever given, and on the same dates, July 31st, August 1st and 2nd, so begin now your preparation at attend.

Another Fatal Wreck.

On last Monday at Kilmunday Ill. when two Illinois Central trains collided Mr. J. T. Harrahan, former president of the Illinois Central railroad and one of the best known railroad men in the country, Eldridge E. Wright of Memphis Tenn., a prominent lawyer and son of Gen. Luke Wright, Frank O. Melcher second vice president of the Rock Island road and E. B. Pierce general solicitor of the Rock Island, were instantly killed. Three trainmen were injured and several passengers badly shaken up. The killed were in the private car of Mr. Melcher in a special train which ran into the New Orleans Express, which was taking water.

In The Land Of Flowers.

The Volusia county Record published at Deland Fla. under the caption of "Important Real Estate Deal," has the following to say of two well known Garrard county boys:--

Messrs. O. T. Wallace and J. S. Haselden, representing the United Realty & Auction Company, of Wilmington N. C., sub-division specialists, are in the city and have taken charge of the beautiful property of Mr. J. W. Smock, known as "Woodland Park," lying in the heart of the city, between Rich, Wisconsin and Clara Avenues, a delightful location, and will sell the lots to the highest bidder on January 30th, an 10:30 A. M. This Company has been successful in handling high-class sub-divisions, and the secret of their success has been in selling every lot offered to the highest bidder, without reserve or by bid.

Messrs. Haselden and Wallace are very enthusiastic in their praise of Deland, and say it is their intention to make it their headquarters for their Florida business this season. They will advertise the sale in all the surrounding towns and country, and it is their intention to secure as large an outside attendance at the sale as possible, so that the sale of property will not only stimulate local investment and building, but will be the means of inducing outsiders to cast their lots with us, just as hundreds have done in the past; and it is a well known fact that once we secure them, they find Deland such a delightful place in every respect that they at once become one of us for good and all. The rapid growth of our city and its brilliant future prospects, coupled with the high character of the property in question, make this sale a very attractive one, to both the home-builders and the investor. Unusual prizes will be offered as an advertising feature.

Popular Visitor.

Mr. W. B. Mason, known all over Kentucky as "Keg," was over from Lancaster Saturday to have Judge Hardin sign some orders. Mr. Mason is circuit clerk of Garrard. "Keg" is a jovial fellow, and received a warm welcome. --Danville Messenger.

Stanford To Have Fair.

The Knights of Pythias Lodge of Stanford is to stand sponsor for a fair in Stanford this season. They have already organized and elected clever Jim Woods president and James Cummings secretary. These gentlemen are well acquainted with the proper method of conducting a fair and will pull of a good one. They have not decided on dates as yet, but will choose such as will not conflict with surrounding counties. Until the snow leaves and we can get out and work our track Lancaster will not do anything toward the pulling off of the "biggest and best" fair in the Blue grass, but we of course reserve our regular July dates, and in due time will begin preparations for giving the best fair in our history.

Galvani.

Galvani the hypnotist gave three performances to large audiences at the opera house this week. If there is a person in Lancaster that is at all skeptical as to the powers of a hypnotist, if he had attended these performances and seen the work of Galvani and the peculiar antics which he caused some of our citizens to perform, his doubts would certainly have been removed. The man is certainly a wonder and is pronounced by people who know to be as good as anyone in the business. The performances were clean and entertaining, the subjects were treated kindly and he only made them do ridiculous things which kept the audience in an uproar of laughter during the performances.

P. T. Parker Former Garrard County Man Dies In Kansas.

The following clipping is from the Western Spirit, published at Paola, Miami county Kas. Any one who remembers Mr. Parker, or who was acquainted with the family, either relative or friend, is requested to drop a line to Mrs. Laura E. Hill, Decatur Ill. R. F. D. no. 4.

Peyton T. Parke, a resident of this city 43 years, died at his home on East Miami street, last Saturday, December 23, 1911, after a long sickness. Stomach trouble, with complications, was the cause of his demise. Funeral services were held at the home Sunday afternoon, at 2:30 o'clock by Rev. Olin E. Fox, pastor of the Christian church. Members of the I. O. O. F. and Rebecca lodges held short services at the grave. Mr. Parker had been a member of the Odd Fellows 42 years.

Peyton T. Parker was born at Lancaster, Garrard county, Kentucky, April 21st, 1853, and moved with his parents to Decatur, Illinois. He was married there to Miss Aner Williams on March 14th, 1861, and to this union four children were born, two of whom died when quite young. The surviving children are: Noble M. Parker, of St. Joseph, Mo., and Mrs. George M. Light, of this city. Mr. Parker, with his family, moved to Paola, April 2, 1868, and since that time has resided here continuously. His wife died June 17, 1878, and two years later he married Miss Mattie Steward, who survives him. He leaves four brothers--T. W. Parker, of Sharpsburg, Illinois, and John M. Parker, William Parker and George M. Parker, of this city. For over a quarter of a century, Mr. Parker was employed at the W. T. Potts grocery store, in this city.

Mr. Parker came of a rugged family--rugged in body and in true worth. His career here was quiet and useful. He worked faithfully and stepped in no man's way. His every act was that of a gentleman, and when he met misfortune he faced it with the same bravery that characterized him in his daily work. In his sickness, which lasted two years, off and on, there was no complaint. Each day found him doing the best he could, setting a good example before the world. His children have moved an honor to the name and his whole life stands forth as exemplary.

Obituary.

Mr. Moses Smith Thompson departed this life at his home on Lexington pike miles from Lancaster Friday January 12th, 1912 of uremic poisoning, his remains were interred in the Lancaster cemetery Saturday afternoon after funeral services by Rev. F. M. Tindler. He had been in poor health for several years but his death came unexpected to the family as he was able to go about his duties until Tuesday before his death. He leaves besides many friends and relatives a widow and three children Charles of Missouri, Maurice Thompson and Mrs. Pattie Fathergill of this county. The deceased was 61 year one month old, was born in Lee county Virginia in 1850 and with his parents came to Ky when just a boy, where he spent his remaining years. His life went out as it was spent, peacefully and calm.

A father dear from us has gone
A voice we loved is stilled.
A place is vacant in our home
Which never can be filled.
They laid him in the cold cold grave.
When the ground was white with snow.

But his spirit has gone to heaven above
Though his body rests below.
It was so hard to give him up
But he was called to go.
And what our grief for him has been,
No one on earth can know.
We must prepare our selves to meet
Him on the other shore.
Where all our sorrows will be past.
We'll meet to part no more.

YOU'LL FIND IT IN THIS COLUMN.

I want shoulder meat. W. H. Ward, 1-12-11

Bring your produce to Davidson & Doty.

Buy an Arnold buggy and you will be pleased. Herndon & Walker. 1-12-11

WANTED:--Shoulder meat; will pay highest market price. Davidson & Doty

For a first class shave and hair trim call at Falkner's barber shop next to Curry's.

Bring me your butter and eggs, top prices paid. W. H. Ward.

Bring us your shoulder, bacon and hams we pay highest market price. Davidson & Doty.

Leave all orders for Magazines and Renewals for same at Stormes Drug Store or my home. Mrs. Dolly Brown.

Arnolds hand made buggies are sold and guaranteed by Herndon & Walker. 1-12-11

Strayed to my place on Dec 10th, a black sow and 3 shoats. Owner can have same by proving property and paying all charges. V. Payton, R. F. D. 2, Paint Lick, Ky.

Notice.

Section No. 1. It shall be unlawful for any person owning or controlling any live stock of any kind to suffer, allow or permit them to run at large upon the Streets of the City of Lancaster and any person violating the provisions of this section shall be fined not less than one dollar (\$1.00) nor more than five dollars (\$5.00) for each offense. The Marshall will impound any and all stock found running at large within the city and when so impounded they cannot be recovered without paying the Fees for so impounding them so all persons having stock will take due notice as this law will be strictly enforced.

R. W. McRoberts Clerk H. T. Logan Mayor

TOO MUCH LOVE

Too much love for fun, frolic and rich food causes stomach, liver, kidney and nervous troubles. Other remedies help you but DENN'S SURE, SAFE AND SPEEDY cures you. Our discoverer, ten years a miserably sufferer with the above troubles, and RHEUMATISM for years, was cured in one week. To prove our remedy, while they last, regular size bottles only 50c at..... Stormes Drug Store.

GO TO THE

Creamery

- FOR -

COAL

"Straight Creek," "Bennett Block" and "Hermatige Cannel."

Each the best in its Class.

H. V. BASTIN.

Bring Your Tobacco

- T O -

LANCASTER

TOBACCO WAREHOUSE

Stanford Street.

Direct Buyers, No Auction Sales,
No Commission to Pay.
Telephone 186.

We buy your Tobacco at Highest Market Price and unload the same day.

Last Notice To TAX PAYERS

Under the new revenue law, the Sheriff is bound to have his Quietus before he can receive tax book for 1912, so all delinquents please call and pay at once. Don't delay but call at our office TO-DAY.

G. T. BALLARD,
SHERIFF GARRARD COUNTY.



ITCH! ITCH! ITCH!

Scratch and rub—rub and scratch—until you feel as if you could almost tear the burning skin from your body—until it seems as if you could no longer endure these endless days of awful torture—these terrible nights of sleepless agony.

Then—a few drops of D. D. D., the famous Itch Cure, and, Oh! what relief! The itch goes instantly! Cool and rest at last!

D. D. D. is a simple external water that cleanses and soothes the burning skin as nothing else can. A recognized remedy for Eczema, Psoriasis, Itch, or any other skin trouble.

We can give you a full size lot of the genuine D. D. D. remedy for \$1.00 and the very first bottle to give relief. It will not cost you a cent.

We also can give you a sample bottle for 25 cents. Why suffer another day when you can get D. D. D.?

R. E. McRoberts & Son

See any of BAILEY'S
**Black Star
COAL?**

It's worth a look, it's MORE than worth the price—nothing like it in town. Don't buy it for we are afraid of a "spoiled" cook.

H. C. BAILEY.

**EASTERN
KENTUCKY
STATE NORMAL**

New Phones.

337-H. Arnold, Henry	Store.
6 Burnett & Elliott	Office.
310-A Burnside, Roht	Res.
392-H Burton, R. I.	Res.
161 Conn Bros.	Hardware.
357-Q Cotton, C. S.	Res.
378-J Center, Walter	Res.
220 Elliott, Dr. W. M.	Res.
174-B Fox, J. C.	Res.
199 Farmer's Union	Store.
393-G Gosney, N. J.	Res.
5 Hurt & Anderson.	Furniture.
165 Hurt F. G.	Reg.
387-A Kurtz H. M.	Res.
387-K Locker B.	Res.
239 Long J. P.	Res.
186 Lan. Tobacco Ware House.	
69 Lan. Mill & Elevator Co.	
21 Logan H. T.	Res.
323 Moore Henry	Res.
339-Q Mahan J. Q.	Res.
363-S Mahan J. W.	Res.
374-S Morgan G. A.	Res.
385-B McMillan Lige	Res.
392-U Montgomery Dr.	Office.
202 Perkins E. W.	Res.
396-P Pope & Vaughn.	Res.
400-U Pierce Joe.	Store.
384-A Rankin T. C.	Res.
383-U Rankin James	Res.
354-B Rainey J. T.	Res.
329-M Ray Mrs. Eliza	Res.
164 Rose G. C.	Res.
379-H Rose Dr. B. C.	Res.
95 Riley J. L.	Res.
85 Robinson Mrs. J. C.	Res.
50 Ross & Whitlock.	Meats.
400-H Schooler Roy.	Res.
213 Turner & Carpenter.	Store.
385-H Turner Joe.	Res.
328-Q Walker Kemp.	Res.
192 Walker Alex.	Res.
86 Walker & Herndon.	Livery.
41 Wherritt W. H.	Res.
38 Zanone Miss Margaret.	Res.
397 Bishop Miss Fannie.	Res.
390 Dr. R. L. Pontius.	Veterinary.

Bastin Telephone Company
Incorporated.

FARMER'S COLUMN

space below this heading is for the exclusive use of our farmer subscribers, and is for the sale of stock, grain and such things on form as the farmer cannot afford to advertise. No notice will be accepted over four lines, and will be only in two issues of the Record, free of charge.

Mr. Wm. Eason had a horse to die last week.

Robert Burton sold to Ison Bros. of Burgin a saddle horse for \$185.

Nice cottage and five rooms for rent at Lowell, see Sam C. Henderson.

Mr. A. R. Denny sold a pair of two year old mules to Mr. Baird for \$265.

Mr. Lewis Murphy bought of Mr. Thos. Hicks a bunch of heifers at \$20. per head.

W. B. Burton bought of Chas. Kerens of Perryville a four year old harness mare for \$125.

Charles Rogers of Paint Lick sold a combined five year old horse to W. B. Burton for \$130.

W. B. Burton sold to M. Lauber of Richmond Va. 28 mules at an average price of \$185. per head.

During the recent cold weather, Mr. Fletcher Ison had the misfortune to lose a foal and colt, also a cow.

For SALE:—or will feed seven hundred shocks of fodder and 2 or 3, big straw racks. J. B. Leavell, Bryantsville, Ky.

Monday was a good court day in point of the number of stock on the market and people in town. There were a great many mules and plug horses here and everyone was anxious to sell, the scarcity and high price of feed forcing them on the market, but there were few buyers and consequently but few changed hands.

That Kentucky will be released from quarantine, with the National Government has placed on sheep in this State by March 1st, is now certain. Dr. A. J. Payne, of the United States Government, who has charge of a corps of government inspectors at work in this State, stated recently that a re-inspection of the sheep infected with scabies would be started Feb. 1st, and that by March 1st, he thought nearly every county in the state would be released from the government quarantine.

W. B. Burton went over to Lexington last week and bought of Charley Thompson eleven mules, he selected this number from a large number which Mr. Thompson had on hand, they were unusually fine animals and Mr. Burton paid \$220. per head for them. Mr. Burton shipped on Monday a car load of mules consisting of 22 head to Wilson Live Stock Co. at Wilson N. C., the bunch having cost him on an average of \$210. per head. The Lexington purchase was included in this shipment.

Some medical authorities still stoutly maintain that bovine tuberculosis is not transferable to human beings, but even more authorities contend that it is and point to numerous instances where the milk from tubercular cows has caused the disease in those drinking it. The individual has the choice of holding whatever view he pleases, but if he is sensible he will err on the safe side.

The several railroads running through the western counties of Kansas have offered to transport seed wheat to the farmers there free of charge in order to help them out of the straits into which they have been forced as a result of the protracted drought. As a further aid bankers and others are loaning on easy terms money with which the seed wheat may be purchased.

In some localities it has been found that Canada thistles multiply only by the root system and not by seed. This seems to be due in part at least to the fact that there are two types of plants, one bearing male or staminate blossoms and the other female or pistillate. Neither type will produce seed by itself, and the pistillate blossoms will do so only when there are staminate blossoms near by to fertilize them.

Were the facts known doubtless many a mysterious barn burning might be traced to spontaneous combustion of mows of clover hay stored away without proper curing. In such cases the fire is the result of a fermentative chemical reaction similar to that which takes place in a manure pile. A close watch should be kept on all mows of clover hay where there is a possibility that such a condition might exist.

While it is somehow contrary to the idea that most of us are used to—that cows should be in pasture during the growing season—a good many tests that have been made show that they will do just as well or better and will keep healthy if kept housed during the entire year, so far as their supply of feed is concerned. Of course this is not the case where the quarters in which the cows are kept are poorly lighted and improperly ventilated.

The answer of the average agricultural paper to the frequent query, "What is the best dairy breed?" is just about as evasive and elastic as the answer to that other famous poser, "How old is Ann?" However, most of the papers are correct in at least one point, and that is that the individual will do best to pick out the breed he likes best, as after all success depends more upon the man and the care than upon having this or that breed of cows.

The law has much good sense to commend it which has recently been enacted in some states, whereby the tuition of country pupils attending nearby town schools is met by the school district in which they live and not by the individual parent or guardian, as heretofore. This arrangement makes possible a fuller utilization of the advantages of good town schools and relieves the country taxpayer of the double tax which he has heretofore paid in the support of the country school and tuition in the town school for those of his children who attended.

Death in Roaring Fire may not result from the work of firebugs, but often severe burns are caused that makes a quick need for Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the quickest, surest cure for burns, wounds, bruises, boils, sores. It soothes and heals. Drives off skin eruptions, ulcers or piles. Only 25c at R. E. McRoberts & Son. 1m



The housewife can thank her lucky stars that the sugar trust did not get its jackscrew under prices when she was cunning strawberries in June.

While the practice of getting manure from most any place is commendable, it is a good idea to see to it that fertilizer is not spread on the land which contains the seed of noxious, pernicious weeds, such as quack grass.

It does not require a great stretch of imagination to foresee the time when moving pictures will be used as a regular adjunct in the teaching of geography, natural history and some other branches in which individual pictures are already a great aid.

A London physician recently drank a glass of Thames river water said to have contained 250,000,000 typhoid fever germs, but did not seem to suffer any ill effects from it. The layman will be pardoned for the inference that immunity from the disease may have been due to an overdose.

A point decidedly in favor of the silo is its capacity for holding large amounts of fodder in a limited area. A silo having a size of 14 by 30 feet will receive into its capacious maw all the way from fifteen to twenty acres of corn, depending, of course, on the size and stand. In this one point of economy in storage space the silo is worthy of consideration.

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The postoffice department is, hot on the trail of a lot of Florida real estate swindlers on the ground that they have been using the mails to defraud. They did not get after the sharks in this and some other states six or eight years ago, but investors should feel gratitude that the department has got action even at the eleventh hour.

Constatks add considerably to the soil in way of humus, which tends to improve its physical condition, but their value in this regard is far less than their value as a ration for dairy cows and steers when cut at the proper time, properly cured and fed. More than this, all the fertilizing value the stalks had is preserved in the manure which accumulates when they are fed.

The growers of timothy are in "glorious" this year, due to the fact that they are receiving all the way from \$10 to \$13 per hundred for their seed. The shortage, due to the past summer's drought, is responsible for the high prices. In several instances we have noted lately that a crop of timothy seed alone is netting owners from \$20 to \$40 per acre.

On most farms perhaps the lighter fowls, such as Leghorns, are kept, there being plenty of range for them and opportunity to pick up much food by foraging. However, others keep heavy breeds, like the Brahmas, and are equally satisfied with them. They contend that they are better winter layers, while the cockerels marketed at five months old fetch 50 instead of 30 cents apiece.

What is said to be the most massive tree (not the tallest) in the world stands in the churchyard at Milta, Mexico. It is a true tree and has a circumference of 116 feet. A strange thing about the tree is that its circumference has not increased perceptibly in the past 300 years. Its age is placed at several thousand years. The tree shows signs of decline and decay, but special care is being taken to perpetuate it if possible.

The exhibits of beef breeds made at state fairs within the past few weeks simply emphasize the need of such changes in the rules of judging beef cattle as will make it possible for their owners to show them in normal and breeding condition rather than in that demanded for "fat steers." It is high time that the fellows most interested—those who have valuable animals—virtually ruined by getting them overfat for exhibition—registered a kick so loud that it would be heard distinctly by those having cattle exhibitions in charge.

Perhaps there is no single phase of buttermaking, aside from the utmost cleanliness of all utensils used in the handling of milk, cream and butter, that is so important as the simple matter of cooling all cream before it is added to the cream supply already on hand. The reason for this is that if warm cream is added to the cold there is set up at once a rapid souring and ripening process that is very detrimental to butter quality. If it occurs any considerable time before churning. Every buttermaker knows this as a first principle, the A or B of his business. Every farmer should remember it.

Sugar is now \$8 per hundredweight in New York city and on the climb. While it is the contention of the trust that this high price is due to a big shortage in the world's crop, it is contended by others who claim to know that there has never been a larger amount of sugar afloat in the channels of trade than now. The layman has the substance of opinion that the trust has us all on the hip and is making hay while the sun shines—for fines exacted from it in recent government suits and for a nest egg against the rainy day of prospective tariff revision. But, whatever the causes, the holdup is making political pumper and dynamite faster than any mill ever put in operation.

The close of the present summer season has served to emphasize more clearly than ever the damage to apple-trees and fruit—as a result of infection with spores of the cedar rust. Unfortunately one of the most highly prized of all our fall apples, the Wealthy, seems for some reason or another to be peculiarly susceptible to damage by the rust. Some trees we have noticed during the past few weeks have been well nigh defoliated through infection of the leaves with numerous rust spots, while as a result of this unhealthy condition of the leaves or lungs of the tree the fruit is not more than one-third of its usual size, and scrawny and diseased at that. It is thus to look as though, if the owners of Wealthy orchards don't "do" the cedars in the vicinity or spray very carefully, the cedar rust will "do" their orchards. If the rust infestation is as much worse next year than this, as this year's was than last year's, thousands of trees will perish. The problem is one that every orchard owner should look into carefully.

SOUR STOMACH.

Get rid of indigestion. Or dyspepsia, or whatever you call your stomach misery. Drive out the sourness. Lift off the heaviness. Stop the fermentation of food. Banish gas, heartburn, foul breath, dizziness, headache, nervousness, night sweats and bad dreams forever. Get a 50 cent box of M-I-O-N-A tablets at R. E. McRoberts & Son today they guarantee them for any of the diseases named above or for any stomach distress. No better prescription for indigestion was ever written. M-I-O-N-A makes the stomach vigorous and strong enough to digest food without aid. For sale by R. E. McRoberts & Son and druggists everywhere.

Gas Add Heartburn Stopped in Five Minutes.

Get rid of indigestion. Or dyspepsia, or whatever you call your stomach misery. Drive out the sourness. Lift off the heaviness. Stop the fermentation of food. Banish gas, heartburn, foul breath, dizziness, headache, nervousness, night sweats and bad dreams forever. Get a 50 cent box of M-I-O-N-A tablets at R. E. McRoberts & Son today they guarantee them for any of the diseases named above or for any stomach distress. No better prescription for indigestion was ever written. M-I-O-N-A makes the stomach vigorous and strong enough to digest food without aid. For sale by R. E. McRoberts & Son and druggists everywhere.

Good Price For Tobacco.

Mr. Frank Land of Stone, Ky. sold his crop of tobacco at the Central Ky Tobacco Warehouse Co Lexington Ky, at the following prices.

20 pounds at	25c
40 pounds at	22c
60 pounds at	20c
80 pounds at	18c
100 pounds at	16c
120 pounds at	14c
140 pounds at	12c
160 pounds at	10c
180 pounds at	8c
200 pounds at	6c

Average Of Crop \$19 3-4

R. E. McRoberts & Son Guarantees Parisian Sage For Falling Hair And Dandruff.

We want you to know that the Parisian Sage with the Auburn hair is on every bottle and carton of PARISIAN SAGE.

We want you to know this for your own protection, for there are many imitations and it is an easy matter to get the spurious article.

You can always get the genuine PARISIAN SAGE at R. E. McRoberts & Son for only 50 cents a bottle they will not deceive you.

PARISIAN SAGE is rigidly guaranteed for dandruff, falling hair and scalp itch.

It is a most delightful and invigorating hair dressing that puts life and brilliancy into the hair and causes it to grow if the hair root be not dead.

It's the tonic you will use always if you use it once.

CARTERSVILLE.

The I. O. O. F. lodge have erected a new hall in Cartersville.

Mr. and Mrs. Felix Pennington will move to White Lick next week.

Mr. Sam Pennington and two sons are expected to go West soon.

Mr. West Vanwinkle who has been sick for some time is much improved.

J. P. Turner bought Mr. James Brewer's farm and will move next week.

Mr. Jack Pennington who broke his leg sometime ago in Louisville is improving rapidly.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Carter and children were the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Roop and family Sunday.

Mr. I. C. Lane the new merchant has about completed his new dwelling house and is ready to move into it.

Mr. C. S. Robinson who was building a new residence but on account of cold weather waited till spring to finish and rented property near the oil well.

Mr. Cash Kinnard was found dead below the Eph Mason place Friday morning in the road near Fall Lick was supposed to of froze to death he was buried in the Paint Lick cemetery Sunday.

COLDS VANISH.

The Sensible Overnight Remedy For Sensible People.

After you have upset your stomach with pills, powders and vile nostrums and still retain possession of that terrible cold, do what thousands of sensible people are doing. Do this:

Into a bowl three quarters full of boiling water pour a scant teaspoonful of HYOMEI (pronounce it High-o-mei) cover head and bowl with a towel and breathe for five minutes the soothing, healing vapor that arises.

Then go to bed and awake with a clear head in the morning. HYOMEI does not contain opium, cocaine or any harmful drug. A bottle of HYOMEI Inhalant costs 50 cents at R. E. McRoberts & Son and druggists everywhere. Guaranteed for catarrh, asthma, croup and catarrhal deafness.

Grandfather's Clock.

(By G. M. Hendren, M. D.)

It's standing yet against the wall, Grandfather's clock, so grim and tall. It's "tick, tick," measures o'er and o'er.

Departing time just as of yore. As to and fro the pendulum. Beats solemn as a funeral drum. That marks with even, measured tread The long procession of the dead.

How I remember days of joy. I had at Grandpa's when a boy; When tired at night and tucked in bed, With blinking eyes and drowsy head, I'd watch her fond old hands begin. To wind that dear old clock again.

Then, too, Grandpa bestirs himself, And lays his pipe upon the shelf, As the old clock on stroke of nine, Proclaims the hour of his bedtime; Turns out the cat and pins the door, See's that the fire is covered o'er, Blows out the light and slowly goes, To bed, and to blissful repose.

Oh! yes 'tis standing against the wall, While grimly looming over all, It's solemn tick, ticks seem to say; "The days they come, they pass away, While I remain though years have sped, And my old friends forever fled, To dole to those who here remain, The seconds all that life can claim."

Although we plan for years to come, Only the moments, one by one, Are ours, just as that faithful clock, Proclaims them with its sad tick, tick;

The measure of a fleeting breath, A moment span tween life and death. Heaven to mortals only gave, In the procession to the grave.

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200 pounds at 6c

Average Of Crop \$19 3-4

CARDS.

Go to the BEST Place if you want the BEST WORK.

We have the only Steam Sterilizer in town for Massage. Shop on Richmond St.

HENRY DUNCAN

THE OLD RELIABLE BARBER.

J. W. SWEENEY

LIVERY, FEED and SALE STABLE.

Stanford Street.

LANCASTER, KENTUCKY.

DR. Wm. BURNETT

Physician and Surgeon.

Office over Logan's store.

Residence Phone 75. Office Phone 6.

H. J. PATRICK,

Dentist.

All Work Guaranteed.

Paint Lick, Kentucky.

M. K. Denny,

DENTIST

Office over Mrs. Arnold's Millinery.

Dr. R. L. Pontius,

Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist.

Office at Sweeney's Livery Stable.

Lancaster, -- -- Kentucky.

Office Hours: Office over

9 a. m. to 12 p. m. to 6 p. m. Storms' Drug Store

B. F. WALTER,

DENTIST.

Phone 65. Lancaster, Ky.

H. J. TINSLEY,

County Surveyor.

PHONE 233-J.

Office over F. G. Hart's furniture store.

Lancaster, -- -- Kentucky

E. W. Morrow, Graduate Optician

Glasses Fitted, Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Cut Flowers

of QUALITY.

Ware McRoberts.

J. E. Robinson,

LAWYER and COUNTY ATTORNEY.

Will Practice in all State Courts and U. S. District Court.

Office over Pulice Court. Phone 194

Henry L. Casey, D. V. S.

VETERINARIAN.

Former Director Animal Industry Philippine Islands. Ex-Veterinarian United States Army

Office at Logan's Stable.

Telephone 32 and 322. DANVILLE, KY.

Oakdale Herd of

Registered Durocs

Royal blood and splendid individuality. Fall boars and gilts for sale.

J. F. ROBINSON, LANCASTER, KY.

TO THE CUSTOMERS OF THE

Lancaster

Dry Cleaning Co

I will remain at old stand, on public square, for cleaning and pressing ladies and mens garments. Hats cleaned and blocked, shoe repairing. Phone 340.

Join the pressing Club \$